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THIS MISSES HILES, Soprano and Contralto (Pupils of Signor Pinsuti), are in Town for the Season.
All communications for Engagements may be addressed to Mr. Jarrett, Musical and Concert Agent, at Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

THIS SISTERS MARCHISIO in "Semiramide."—Mlle. CARLOTTA MARCHISIO and Mlle. BARBARA MARCHISIO will make their débüt at Her Majesty's Theatre, on Thursday next, May 1, in the Opera of "Semiramide."
Applications, relative to Engagements for public and private concerts, to be addressed to Mr. Land, 4 Cambridge Place, Regent's Park.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD begs to inform her Friends and Pupils that she has REMOVED to No. 26 Upper Wimpole Street, Cavendish Square.

MMR. WALTER MACFARREN begs to announce his REMOVAL to No. 1 Osnaburgh Street, Regent's Park, N.W.

MMR. WALTER MACFARREN will Play his TARANTELLA at St. James's Hall, on Tuesday Evening, May 9.

MMR. EMILE BERGER will Play his popular Solos, "LES ECHOS DE LONDRES," "VIENI VIENI," and "THE WRECK," at Mrs. Meeres First Soirée Musicale, April 30.

MMR. WILBYE COOPER will Sing "THE RETURN," Composed expressly for him by J. L. HATTON, at St. James's Hall, May 10.

HERR LOUIS ENGEL has ARRIVED in Town for the Season.
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MMR. BRINLEY RICHARDS will RETURN to London on Monday, April 28. All Letters to be addressed to his Residence, 4 Torgington Street, Russell Square.
Paris, April 18.

MMR. GEORGE HOGARTH, Secretary to the Philharmonic Society, begs to announce that he has Removed to No. 1 Bloomsbury Square, W.C.

MISS HELEN HOGARTH, Teacher of Singing, beg to announce that she has Removed to No. 1 Bloomsbury Square, W.C.

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8. Y GADLYS	(The Camp).
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Reviews.

"*Contre-temps, caprice-étude*," pour piano—E. AURELE FAVARGER (Robert Cocks & Co.).

The character of this short study may be understood by a quotation. We append the opening bars:—



It proceeds after this fashion — allowing for a variation at page 3, in which the task of the right hand is doubled—



—to the end, and will hurt nobody's fingers, if it touches nobody's feelings. Probably a more harmless composer does not walk, sup, sleep, snore (?), dream, wake, get up, wash, breakfast, read THE MUSICAL WORLD, receive visits, make visits, snuff (?), smoke (?), ride (?), lunch, talk, go out, come in, dine, drink, doze, go out again, come in again, sup, go to bed, sleep—(write letters, get answers, court, marry, dance, have children, pet them, spoil them, compose music, sell it, get paid for it, see it in print, play it, admire it, send it for review)—wake, get up, wash, breakfast, read THE MUSICAL WORLD, &c. &c. — than the composer of the above "composite."

"*Lays of the Olden Time*" — new series, freely transcribed for the pianoforte, by THEODORE KULLAK (Robert Cocks & Co.).

The new series consists of six pieces. No. 1 is a "transcription" of J. F. (not Alexander) Reichardt's "Lied der Nacht" ("*Day of the Night*"); a melody with which Herr Kullak can thoroughly sympathise, being precisely such a one as, in a sentimental mood, he might have written himself. It is for this reason, doubtless, thoroughly well arranged, and embedded in kindred flourishes. No. 2, Zumsteeg's "Soldatenpruch" ("Military Song"), is also good. The theme (Zumsteeg was a Bavarian composer, author of an opera called *The Phantom Island*, or "*Geisterinsel*," of ordinary capacity) is vigorous, martial, and commonplace; and Herr Kullak has dressed it out in a vigorous, martial, and — and appropriate manner. Of No. 3 we should like to speak as favourably; but we are unable. Mozart's lovely "Veilchen" (of which Mendelssohn was thinking when he composed "*The first violet*") deserved a better fate than to be thus ruthlessly tortured by Herr Kullak.—Nor can we be persuaded to tolerate No. 4, in which Weber's noble setting of "Lützow's Wild Jagd" ("*Lützow's Wild Hunt*") is made to perform a sort of "dance of death." (Here, by the way, is matter which would delight Mr. William Vipond Barry.) No. 5 and No. 6 ("*Hope told a flattering tale*," and "*Contentment*") are equally reprehensible. Only a musical Nero, one would have thought, could have had the cruelty thus

to break upon the wheel the innocent and expressive melody of Paesiello ("Nel cor più"), and such a heart-felt thing as Mozart's "Die Zufriedenheit." It is "Nel cor più" with a vengeance; but "più" what, we must leave the modern Cardanus who prepares the *Encomium Kullakii* to decide.

"*La Bruyère*," Caprice Suédois, pour piano, par JOSEPH O'KELLY;

"*Le Départ de l'Helvétie*," fantaisie brillante, pour piano, par ALPHONSE LEDUC;

"*Evening Calm*," Melody, composed for the pianoforte, by EDWIN M. LOTT (Robert Cocks & Co.).

Three tittlebats. Mr. Joseph O'Kelly's tittlebat is entitled "Swedish," or rather, as it is the custom prevalent now among our young Irish composers (O'Kelly?) to intitute their pieces in French—"Suédois" We can apprehend nothing "Swedish" in its bearing, but are nevertheless constrained to admit its liveliness. The "*meno vivo con abbandonate*" (page 4), which may be regarded as its fins, is decidedly its prettiest and most engaging feature; but the "*animato marcato il basso*" (page 9), which may be contemplated as its tail, is so little in keeping with the other parts of its body, that we should prefer it without tail (we have seen a tinker tailless, though never a bat,—not even a "title"). Why, by the way, "*con abbandonate*," instead of "*con abbandonamento*" (which is a substantive)?—or, at all events, *abbandonatamente* (which is an adverb)?—or at any rate *abbandonevolmente* (which is another)? If Mr. O'Kelly thinks to *abbragliare* the English public with such mixed gibberish, he will find himself in the wrong box. At the best it is but *abbruffamento*, and can never become *abbabicato* in this country; and this in anticipation of a very natural retort on his part,—viz. that he knows how to *abbiocare* his own *abbindolazioni* (which means to "cluck his own chicks"), and does not roost in need of our advice.

M. Alphonse Leduc's tittlebat (Op. 137) is entitled "The Departure from Helvetia," "*de F. Massini*"; but if F. Massini, why Alphonse Leduc (Op. 137)? What Alphonse Leduc (Op. 137) can possibly have to say to the "Departure from Switzerland" of F. Massini, and why Leduc should celebrate it in a solo, probably no one except F. Massini or Alphonse Leduc is in a condition readily to explain. The tune by which A. Leduc celebrates the exodus of F. Massini is extremely "Swissy," and the style of the piece as bucolic as though it had been composed upon a sheep's back or a shepherd's shoulders, under the influence of the "Ranz des Vaches." A more bucolic tittlebat was never caught in a stream hard by a thicket.

Mr. M. Lott's tittlebat, entitled "Evening Calm," is in E flat, and is chiefly remarkable for a sort of even(ing) calmness, and a label attached to its fins with an inscription in bad Italian—"il melodia ben marcato." It is, nevertheless, a bat of some water, if not some fresh water.

NEW MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

CRAMER, BEALE & WOOD.

BROCK (William) "Happy days of childhood" (Vocal).
BLOCKLEY (John) "My own sweet home" (ditto).

ROBERT COCKS & CO.

ADLINGTON (A.) "I am but a lowly flower" (ditto).
BROWN (F. H.) "Will you come to my mountain home?" ... (ditto).
M'CURDIE (J.) "Corydon's doleful knell" (ditto).
BROCK (William) "To thee" (ditto).
FAVARGER (E. Aurele) "Contretempa" (Pianoforte).
KULLAK (Theodor) "Lays of the olden time" (ditto).
O'KELLY (Joseph) "La Bruyère" (ditto).
LEDUC (Alphonse) "Le départ" (ditto).
LOTT (Edwin) "Evening calm" (ditto).

	EWER & CO.					
DEICHMANN (Carl)	" A mournful tale "	(Vocal).
MOLIQUE (Caroline)	" Mignonette "	(Pianoforte).
O'LEARY (Arthur)	" Fleurs et Pleurs "	(ditto).
Ditto	" Scène de chasse "	(ditto).
Ditto	" Fête rustique "	(ditto).
WOLLENHAUPT (H. A.)	" Le meteore "	(ditto).
	FARMER & FRUWIRTH.					
FARMER (John)	" Première valse Brillante "	(ditto).
HELLER (Stephen)	" Fluthenreicher Ebro "(Improvisata)	(ditto).
PAUER (Ernst)	" Euryanthe "	(ditto).
	J. H. JEWELL.					
HOPPE (Owen)	" Constancy "	(Vocal).
Ditto	" Ah! say art thou dreaming?"	(ditto).
GRAHAM (George F.)	" Hurontario "	(Pianoforte).
	J. SURMAN.					
HOPKINS (J. L.)	" When I see thee smile, Mary "	(Vocal).

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN VIENNA.

(From our own Correspondent.)

In the first place, you must know that the Theater an der Wien is in a bad state. The last hour of Herr Pokorny's management seems to have arrived. According to the commonly received report, a committee, consisting of Herren Rott, Findeisen, Röhring, Swoboda, and Weichelberger, notified not long ago to the management, in the name of the entire company, that they would consent to go on playing only on condition that the current salaries should be paid on the 31st March, and that guarantees should be given for all arrears as well as for the future. The manager being unable to comply, it was necessary to close the theatre on the 1st April. I have been informed that a short time since the principal creditors were inclined to give Herr Pokorny another year's grace, in order to avoid the catastrophe which was otherwise unavoidable. Now, however, that catastrophe would appear to have arrived. Even supposing personal interest, vanity, good nature, and, above all else, want, should induce a certain portion of the company to enter upon a fresh arrangement, the latter cannot possibly last. If the management is at present unable, at the end of the winter, that is to say, of the good theatrical season, to defray its daily expenses, what can it be expected to do during the summer, when every theatre, even the best, is in the habit of having bad business? If, moreover, it be true that the arrears, which have been accumulating for years, amount to nearly 20,000 florins, and that the interest on back debts exceeds the enormous sum of 40,000 florins, every person must at once perceive the impossibility of restoring matters to a healthy financial state. With a gold mine like the Theater an der Wien, and with a very good company, like the present one, such is the pass to which Herr Pokorny's management has brought matters. It is impossible that this state of things can continue. By its want of anything like order, reliability, and steadiness, the management has lost all credit with monied men; by its neglectfulness, laziness, and unskilfulness, it has sacrificed all its popularity with the general public; and by its injustice, caprice, and incompetence, it has trifled away the confidence of the company. Every attempt to restore the *status quo* would only result in worse confusion. A new board of directors, and a fresh artistic board of management, might produce a momentary amelioration, but could not afford any guarantee for the future. Eight years ago improvement might have been possible, but the time has now passed, and a radical change cannot be effected unless the theatre passes into other hands.

The contemplation of an unfortunate family is always painful, even though the misfortune may have been brought about principally by the fault of the sufferers themselves. But a critic must consider facts and not persons. Directly he looks at a subject from a purely philanthropic point of view, all impartial judgment ceases. According to this principle, I can acknowledge Herr Pokorny's honourable conduct, I can express my personal regret at the misfortune which has overtaken him and his family, but, at the same time, I am bound to represent his public management of a public institution as what I sincerely believe it was. Had Herr Pokorny paid less attention to the sweet flattery of those by whom he was surrounded, and lent a readier ear to the bitter truths told him by his real friends, he would not perhaps now be reduced to the sad necessity of reproaching himself with having plunged two hundred persons, together with their families, into misery and want. A question which will now strike everyone is, What is to be done? A continuance of Herr Pokorny's management appears, as I have already observed, an impossibility; should his management be still allowed to continue, it would be only a tinkered, patched up affair, and in another year, or perhaps less, the company would be exactly where they are now, except that their affairs would be in an even more hopeless state. Among the many reports in circulation concerning the

immediate future of the theatre, there are only two which possess the slightest consistency: according to the one, Herr Rott, and, according to the other, Herr Treumann, is to be appointed manager. I do not think, however, that either of these gentlemen is fitted for the post, and, if I am not trespassing too much upon your space, I will tell you why.

"Once upon a time," as we say in the story-books, there was, at the Theater an der Wien, not "a king" or a "queen," but a kind of dictator, and his name was Herr Rott, to English ears not a pleasing patronymic. Now Herr Rott took advantage of his then position to monopolise every good or great part. Not only would he not have anyone over him, but he would not suffer anyone even near him; a peculiarity he shares, I am bound to say, with certain theatrical magnates in London. Such being the case, Herr Rott cannot justify the hope that he would prove a just and impartial manager. Besides this, he has become somewhat indolent of late, and I do not think his pecuniary circumstances are such as would enable him to purchase the theatre, without at once plunging into a hopeless sea of debt, like that in which Herr Pokorny is now floundering. Herr Treumann, on the other hand, formed his company, created his style, and trained his public in the Franz-Josef's Kai. Trifles light as air, such as Offenbach's operettas, are not suited for the larger establishment on the Wien. If he gives up his present theatre, he must also give up his present company; that would be a pity. If he retains his present theatre, he must give up the company of the other house; that would be a greater pity. He cannot keep on both. I greatly fear that, in changing his quarters, he would lose his popularity and good luck, and to speak of what to him is quite as important as aught else, if not more so, whatever money he may have saved.

I should deeply regret to see the company at the Theater an der Wien broken up; it is, even now, very good, and might, with a little trouble, be made unusually so. In Herren Rott, Findeisen, Albin Swoboda, and Röhring, it can boast of artists such as no other of the *faubourgs* theatres can show. To the above gentlemen I must add Mesdames Klimetsch, Raab, Mellin and Rudini. It would be a great misfortune were artists, who, from long habit, work so well together, suddenly separated. In my opinion, the best thing under the circumstances would be for a company of shareholders to purchase the theatre, and put a thoroughly experienced and talented professional manager, with a good salary and full power, at its head. I am sure it would prove an excellent speculation, yielding from eight to ten per cent. on the capital invested. At any rate, some decision must be arrived at within the next few days; and as it is impossible that the state of things could be worse, it may safely be affirmed, if there is truth in the old proverb, that it will soon be considerably better.

In the way of opera there has been no novelty for some time here, and the only important revival is that of *La Fille du Régiment*, in which Mlle. Liebhardt sustained the part of Marie, "the daughter of fifteen hundred fathers," a part for which she is not particularly well qualified, and her impersonation was anything but successful. Had she not changed the current of feeling among the audience by her execution of the music allotted to her in the finale of the first act, it is a question whether the opposition party, which was very strong, would have allowed her to continue. She was somewhat better in the second act. She got through the singing-lesson tolerably, as well as the *andante* of the next air. This saved her. Her acting was not superior to her singing, and I do not think it probable that she will repeat the part. The rest of the singers were satisfactory, and as much may be said of the orchestra, under Herr Dessooff. Among other operas lately given, we have had *Der Freischütz*, *Margarethe*, *Gräfin Egmont*, and *Maria di Rohan*. The management certainly require a little stirring up.

BORDEAUX.—Last Monday evening, in the saloon of the Salle Franklin, which was too small for the crowd who endeavoured to obtain admission, we were present at one of those musical *soirées*, the recollection of which will for ever remain engraved in the artistic annals of Bordeaux. The public had, in fact, flocked from all quarters to hear no less a treat than Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, interpreted by Vieuxtemps, the king of the violin, and Servais, the king of the violoncello, two prodigious artists, in a word, who appear to have stolen, from the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the great masters the celestial fire, in order to illuminate with it our hearts. What an unexpected piece of good fortune it was for Bordeaux yesterday to behold these two sublime interpreters of contemporary art, seated together at the same desk! to see the two masters, who, by a stroke of their irresistible and powerful bow, exhibit to us unexpected views and prospects in every *chef-d'œuvre*, exalting, charming, and, so to speak, driving us out of our wits by the creations of their genius. We must inform our readers that for these two men to meet thus in Bordeaux, it needed nothing less than

the grave events at present agitating Europe and America. But for these, one of the two artists would now be at New York, and the other at St. Petersburg. We will not go into the details of their marvellous execution, we will simply state that, for more than two hours and a half, the audience hung, as it were, upon the magic bows of Vieuxtemps and Servais. The *andante*, especially of Beethoven's Quartet excited transports of enthusiasm—Servais was admirable; and at the conclusion of the evening their duet from *Les Huguenots*, called forth a perfect storm of frantic applause.

Servais and Vieuxtemps were to have left this morning, but there will be, probably, another quartet soirée, in consequence of the success of the first. On all sides, the audience, before leaving the room, asked for a second performance. It is generally believed that the two artists cannot refuse compliance with a wish so universally expressed, and that to-morrow, Wednesday, at one o'clock, there will be a second and last quartet séance in the concert-room of the Grand Théâtre. In spite of Passion-week, the concert-room will be crowded, for is not music, also, a prayer? Music is holy and sacred; it is, as it were, a wing, which God has given us in order that we may rise by it up to Him; and when men truly inspired interpret the grand creations of genius, they elevate the human soul, purifying, ennobling, and separating it from the earth to cast it forth into the Infinite: their talent is a sermon. I can assure you, ladies, who, for now nearly forty days, under pretence of listening to so many sermons, have filled the church of Notre Dame with your velvet cloaks, and your rich cashmeers, with your spruce new bonnets and your lace, that Servais and Vieuxtemps might preach, perhaps, with more advantageous results than the Rev. Father Minjard.—J.

Saint-Rieul-Dupouy.—(*Courier de la Gironde*, April 16).

POSEN.—Herr Hans von Bülow and Dr. Leopold Damrosch gave a concert on the 5th inst. The latter gentleman, although a native of the town, and formerly a pupil of Herr Fröhlich, once a fashionable local teacher, was professionally unknown, and great curiosity was manifested to hear him. The concert opened with Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata. Herr von Bülow and Dr. Damrosch then played Franz Schubert's magnificent duet in B minor, which was warmly applauded. Herr von Bülow followed with a series of dances, arranged in chronological order, and ending with Chopin's "Tarantella" and Liszt's "Valse, impromptu." There were various other instrumental pieces of more or less importance. Mlle. Marie Holland, of the opera, was the vocalist.—A course of four concerts was lately given, in the large room of the Bazaar, by Herr Bilsle, from Liegnitz, with his own orchestra. The attendance was extremely good.

KÖNIGSBERG.—Herr Küster's oratorio, *Die ewige Heimath*, was performed by the Gesangverein, under the direction of Herr Wiegers, on the 8th inst.

BADEN-BADEN.—The subject of Berlioz's opera, composed for the opening of the new theatre, is taken from Shakespeare's comedy of *Much Ado about Nothing*. The second novelty will be the opera of *Erostrates*, by Herr M. E. Reyer.

DRESDEN.—On Palm Sunday, Chernubini's *Requiem* and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony were performed at the Theatre Royal. There were, during the past theatrical year, 339 performances at this establishment, and they consisted of—172 operatic representations, including 11 given by the Italian company, under Sig. Merelli; 26 representations of farces and pieces interspersed with songs; 209 of dramas, and 13 of ballets. There were 24 novelties, of which five were operas, vaudevilles and farces; 19 dramas; and 2 ballets. In the way of revivals, there were 9 operas, 11 dramas, and 1 ballet.

STUTTGART.—At the Seventh Subscription Concert, in the Königsbau, Schumann's *Paradies und Peri*, which is a novelty here, was performed with success. M. Molique's oratorio of *Abraham* was given on Palm Sunday.

MÜNICH.—Sophocles' *Antigone*, with Mendelssohn's music, has been revived. The house was crowded in every part, and the applause both loud and frequent.

ROME.—After working on them for many years, M. Mathiä, one of Thorwaldsen's best pupils, has just completed the busts of Beethoven, Gluck, Mozart and Palestrina, together with the appropriate consoles, for the Grand Princess Helena of Russia. The bust of Beethoven is supported by Zeus; that of Gluck, by a figure of Psyche; that of Mozart, by the three Graces; and that of Palestrina, by singing angels.

ST. PETERSBURG.—Herr Davidoff has played on several occasions, since his return from Germany, before the Empress and the Grand Princess Helena, and, on the 12th ult., appeared at the concert given by the Russian Musical Society. On the 15th ult., he and Herr Becker gave a concert, which was attended by all the imperial family, and the pick of St. Petersburg society. There has been a great deal said about a performance at Ant. Rubinstein's, of Mendelssohn's *Ottet*, with the

following artists:—First violin, Jean Becker; second violin, Henri Wieniawski; third violin, Pickel; fourth violin, Albrecht (from Leipzig); viola, Albrecht II. and Weickmann; and violoncello, Carl Schubert and Davidoff. Herr Davidoff has also given highly successful concerts in his native town, Moscow. The Russian journalists are loud in their praises of their celebrated countryman.

Letters to the Editor.

"SCHUMANISM."

SIR,—Your reviewer having done me the honour of noticing a few of my compositions in your journal, permit me to inform that gentleman, that while he has—unwittingly, perhaps—paid a high compliment in characterising my music as "Schumanistic," he at the same time has made a statement from which one might infer that he was in my confidence to at least the extent of my studies. I beg leave to assure him, that "Schuman's Mannerisms" I am unacquainted with, "Schuman's music" I have never studied, "Schumanism" I am ignorant of; and all I know about Schuman is, that, of the most able continental musicians, three-fourths at least esteem him as one of the greatest composers of this century; the remaining fourth, and a clique in England, entertaining those miserable narrow-minded prejudices which have stunted the genius and checked the hopes of much rising talent, they—Heaven alone knows why—condemn the man!

In justice to your reviewer, I must, however, state, that he alone has not traced in me this mysterious "Schumanism." Fourteen years ago, or ere I had even heard of Schuman, the *Athenaeum*, in a review of my first publication, fancied me "a disciple of Schuman;" and early this year, the learned Professor at Oxford, Sir F. G. Ouseley, in a letter to me, noticing my recent publications, observed, "there are passages in one or two of your works which remind me of Schuman's style; and I am glad of it, for I feel sure his music is not half appreciated in England!"

As for the rest of the critique—the objections to my "progressions," &c.—it is but the old story of "the law and the prophets." The impossible operation of raising that "theoretical tower" commenced centuries ago, but long since became a "Babel," through the confusion of hypotheses as well as tongues—the old apparitions of the peruke and horn-book. The antagonism of Richard Wagner to "the tyranny of the tones" is not without its significance. Modern tonality dates only from the sixteenth century; and though, from usage, it may appear impossible to tolerate any variation of it, there is nevertheless no reason why music should stand still, while in every other art and science there is evident PROGRESSION. It is an age of activity, and genius will not be circumscribed by a line of demarcation. It must be remembered that, if the system of tunes had experienced no variation, the science would have attained to its utmost limits nearly three centuries ago. And are we wiser in our generation than the purists of 1590, who inveighed so fiercely against the prejudiced heresy of Charles Monteverde, for daring to use the "seventh," and even the "ninth," of the dominant, openly and without preparation, and employing the minor fifth as a consonance, which until then had been always used as a dissonance? Monteverde was as much in advance of his time, as Wagner appears to be of this era. Yet this statement seems anomalous, when we read that Wagner's "modern doctrines" are precisely the same as those held a century back by the now idolised and unimpeachable Gluck. Without doubt, by this time I have become in your eyes a confirmed heretic, "hopelessly wandering in the wrong path." Whatever be my path, I find it more comfortable than the old miry way, with its indispensable ornamentation for the traveller of gynes, manacles, and such-like undesirable incumbrances. In conclusion, I think I could pair with every "objectionable" progression of mine a counterpart from Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn. Your reviewer advises me to study Mozart (have done so since childhood). This recommendation of individual models is unwholesome. I remember that, some years back, the MUSICAL WORLD put Mendelssohn forward (than whom, save Spohr, there never was a greater mannerist) as a model for young musicians. The advice was taken, and from that day to the present natural instincts have been turned aside, and young composers are receiving as their reward accusations of "plagiarism," "mannerism," "Mendelssohnism," until the poor bewildered aspirants find themselves in the undelicious condition of "Doltism."

Surely if Beethoven, or Meyerbeer, or Berlioz had succumbed to the opinions of the critics, to the scholastic paradoxes, the hypothetical subtleties, the heavy yokes of those Jeremiads, the schoolmen of the art, we should never have got the C Minor Symphony, the Rasumówski

Quartets, or the *Huguenots*, or *Robert*, nor yet the *Benvenuto Cellini*ⁱ Prelude, or the Romeo and Juliette Symphony.

It were well, Sir, that the same plan were adopted in your journal that is employed in the musical journals of France and Germany, viz., that the reviewer would kindly submit his name with his critiques; then would your readers be enabled to estimate the opinions expressed at their real worth.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
W.M. V. BARRY, Mus. Doc.

22nd April, 1862.

THE LATE GEORGE HALE THOMAS.

[The subjoined letter, remarkable alike for unaffected eloquence and good feeling, has been addressed to the *Gloucester Journal* by a fellow-student of the late Mr. Thomas, in the Royal Academy of Music. It is with sincere pleasure that we reproduce it in the columns of the *MUSICAL WORLD*.]

"To the Editor of the *Gloucester Journal*.

SIR,— The inhabitants of Gloucester will, I cannot but think, feel interested by some slight account of the great and rare talents possessed, and promise given, by the late George Hale Thomas, who was a native of their city, and whose death occurred there on the 5th of the present month. I therefore venture to write these few lines, as a tribute of affectionate respect to his memory, having been his fellow-student during the entire period that he was at the Royal Academy of Music. He first came to the Royal Academy in December, 1856, and competed for the King's Scholarship; at his examination he received from the board of examiners much eulogy and encouragement. In the following January he entered the institution as a student, and pursued his studies with great diligence. He composed several sonatas for the pianoforte, and one duet sonata for violin and pianoforte; also a setting of the Lord's Prayer, for solo voices and chorus, the concluding movement of which composition, a fugue, on the words 'For Thine is the kingdom,' was performed at an Academy Concert, in July, 1858, and was the first of his compositions brought before the public. In December of the same year he was returned as the successful candidate for the King's Scholarship; and there was then every reason to believe that he had a bright and glorious future before him. Everything was in his favour, he was young, he had given evidence of possessing a musical organisation of the highest excellence, and he was entitled to two years' gratuitous education in the Royal Academy. During these two years he made great progress, and achieved many fresh honours. A quartet, for stringed instruments, performed in June, 1859, and a solo, for a bass voice, 'Bow down thine ear,' performed in March, 1860, evinced his rapidly developing musical powers in composition: and in June of the following year he brought forward the first movement of a pianoforte concerto, which, by the many points of striking beauty it possessed and by its masterly construction, appeared more like the work of a long-practised musician than that of a youth seventeen years of age; the concluding movements of this composition he played at a concert in December of the same year, and they were characterised by the like excellencies of the former movement. Last year two new compositions from his pen were performed at concerts of the Academy—an introduction to the Opera *Fair Rosamond*, comprising a duet for soprano and contralto, a march, and chorus; also an overture, which was produced in December, and which was the last and most finished composition he ever wrote. Only those who had the privilege of hearing this work know how richly and rarely he was gifted, and how great was the promise which he gave of some day becoming one of the brightest ornaments of the profession to which he belonged. He was also, last December, returned as the successful candidate for the 'Potter Scholarship,' the benefits of which his lamented death has prevented him from receiving. A few days after the competition he left London, for the purpose of gaining health and strength, but alas! he was to return no more. He has been taken from among us before the promise of his youth could be fulfilled; and we not only mourn for the loss of one so highly gifted, but also for that of one whose amiability and intelligence caused him to be beloved by all who knew him. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"FREDERICK WESTLAKE.

"Royal Academy of Music, London, April 15th, 1862."

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.—The annual performance of the *Messiah*, for the benefit of the Royal Society of Musicians, took place last evening, under the direction of Professor Stern-dale Bennett, at St. James's Hall.

Provincial.

The Cheltenham Philharmonic Society has given its first concert, which appears to have been an unusually good one. We append (with some unimportant curtailments) the notice of *The Cheltenham Times* (Ap. 19):—

A more brilliant audience has seldom been collected in our Assembly Rooms; nor during the seven years which this society has been in operation has its success been so unequivocal. Selections from Haydn's *Creation* formed the first part, and from the recitative, 'In the beginning,' by Mr. Mugford, of the Gloucester choir, to the chorus, 'Sing the Lord ye voices all,' the interest never flagged. 'Now vanish before the holy beams,' and more especially 'In native worth and honour clad,' found in Mr. Montem Smith, if not a forcible, a faithful and truly graceful interpreter; nor did the efforts of the lady amateurs suffer in the comparison with professional attainments. The spirit-stirring manner in which 'The marvellous work' was rendered, showed of what material the Philharmonic is composed. The private character of the society precludes us from offering any detailed criticism; we may, however, be permitted one observation—viz., that another marked illustration was afforded of the superiority of artistic acquirement over natural gifts, and that the benefit conferred by the society was best recognised in those who are known to have been the longest and most patient under the influence of its teaching. A large measure of praise was fairly won by the band, which, under the valuable conduct of our accomplished amateur, Mr. E. Tennant, and the professional leadership of Mr. Henry Blagrove, has more than kept pace with the general improvement of the chorus. Of the second part of this concert we are enabled to speak with quite as much satisfaction as of the first. The 'Spring Song' of Mendelssohn, by Mr. Montem Smith, accompanied by Mr. Frederick Smith, who, so advantageously for the society, presides at the piano, elicited an enthusiastic encore. In the duet which followed, we were gratified to find that the society had obtained the advantage of Miss Julia Smith's services. The 'Anna tu piange' of Rossini could, indeed, have scarcely been entrusted to other than professional hands. Its florid character was adapted to call forth that flexibility, correct intonation, and compass of voice, for which Miss J. Smith is distinguished; while in Mr. C. Tennant, Miss Smith received the most efficient support. Mr. H. Blagrove's solo ('Air Variés,' by Vieuxtemps) met with a loud encore. The part song, 'Curse bell's last breath is dying,' of Kreutzer, as given by the chorus, was in itself ample evidence of Philharmonic training. Indeed, the complete manner in which every piece was presented showed the care and the skill with which the rehearsals have been conducted, and should impress those interested in musical progress amongst us with the immense advantage offered to the learner, as well as to the learned, by the Cheltenham Philharmonic Society."

On Tuesday, April 22nd, a correspondent from Rochester writes as follows:—

"At the Corn Exchange a concert was given in aid of the Volunteer Band Fund, the result of which in every respect being most satisfactory. The vocalists were Mlle. Florence Lanciea, whose singing of Meyerbeer's *Preghiera* and *Barcarolla* from *l'Etoile du Nord* was received with universal approbation, her pure and resonant voice being heard to great advantage. She also sang Frank Mori's new song, 'A thousand miles from thee,' for which, on being demanded, she substituted the ballad from the *Lily of Killarney*, 'I'm alone.' Miss Leffler was much applauded in 'Ye maidens,' from *Dinorah*, and Henry Smart's ballad, 'Through every chance and change.' She also sung the duet from *Semiramide*, 'Bella imago,' with Mr. Winn. Mr. Tennant's voice and style were much admired in a 'Young and artless maiden,' from Mr. Howard Glover's operetta, *Once too Often*, and in 'Eily mavourneen,' from the *Lily of Killarney*. He also gave evidence of his thorough familiarity with the Italian manner, by his rendering of the important tenor part in the Quintett from Verdi's *Il Ballo in Maschera*, 'E scherzo.' Mr. R. Huggett possesses a barytone voice of good quality. He is a native of Rochester, and made his *début* on this occasion. He sang 'The wanderer' in a manner worthy of more mature years, and we may augur for him a successful future, should he continue his studies with the same method and perseverance. He also sang 'Mine, ever mine,' by Frank Mori (of whom, by the bye, he is a pupil), eliciting a most hearty encore. Verdi's celebrated Quartet from *Rigoletto* was sung in the course of the evening. The company, composed of the *élite* of Rochester and Chatham, seemed highly delighted. Mr. Frank Mori acted as conductor with his accustomed ability."

The subjoined well-written and interesting report of the last

concert of the Dublin Philharmonic Society (Mr. Bussell conductor) is quoted, without curtailment, from the *Dublin Evening Mail*: —

" It is an agreeable task to record that the concert of last Friday evening was, both in selection and performance, one of the best ever given in this country. To the Philharmonic we are indebted for the production of the works of the great orchestral writers which would be otherwise unknown amongst us, and hence would it be to be regretted that this society should amalgamate itself with any other, as it would thereby forego, in some degree, the object of its foundation. The Antient Concert Society is founded for the production of great choral works, and, by keeping a chorus together in weekly practice, was always prepared for the performance of oratorio; while the Philharmonic, by training an orchestra also weekly, provides a means of interpreting the symphonies and overtures of the greatest instrumental masters. Both societies in conjunction would lose the oneness of their object, and the advance of the art would be retarded. Besides, another phase of the Philharmonic, and by no means the least important, is the engagement of any great European artists, either vocal or instrumental, who may appear in London, thereby putting us on a par with the first city in the world. This last object was made manifest by the engagements of Mad. Guerabell, Mr. Santley and Herr Pauer, for the concert under notice, upon which we shall now make some observations. The 'Jupiter' symphony, with which the concert commenced, probably displays more genius and learning than any other composition of the class. Its proportions are colossal, its melody unbounded, and its ingenuity of device and combination almost marvellous; while the last movement—a *fugue*, with episodes on four subjects worked up together at the close, is wonderful from its clearness of idea and magnificence of construction. It is sufficient to say that the performance of this great work on Friday evening was the best we have heard in Dublin; and though it lacked the close attention to light and shade, and the oneness in the massing which we have remarked elsewhere, yet on the whole it was a rendering that all lovers of music should be thankful for. The overture to *Der Freischutz* was also given most effectively, both works doing much credit to band and conductor. Mr. Santley, who made his first appearance here, must have impressed the audience by the finish of his singing. He sang a *romanza*, by Mercadante, with great power, exquisite feeling, and a largeness of tone we have seldom heard from any other singer. 'The Colleen Bawn,' from Benedict's last opera, he also gave with tenderness, and in a *duo* with Mad. Guerrabella, from *Ernani*, displayed a richness of culture, combined with extent of range, which must ultimately place him at the head of the baritones, no matter of what country, in England. Mad. Guerrabella is a soprano of considerable excellence. Her voice, which is of a very pleasing quality, is obedient and telling. Her method is good, and she must be found an acquisition both on the stage and in the concert-room. She gave, with purity of tone and style, 'Qui la voce' and 'I'm alone,' from *The Lily of Kilcarney*; and in the *duo*, by Verdi, evinced dramatic instinct, with vocal training of the best order. There can be only one opinion of Herr Pauer as a pianist—and that is, that he is little inferior to any on that comprehensive instrument. What we particularly admire in him is, that notwithstanding the prodigious quantity of music he has studied, he has yet a style of his own, quite distinct from others. He does not possess the power, fancy, and poetry of expression which so distinguish the charming Arabella Goddard, neither the liquid brilliancy of Charles Hallé; but, nevertheless, there is an individuality in all that he does, and, no matter what composer's work he plays, he renders it with truthfulness and ease. Indeed, as a pianoforte player, he has few equals. On Friday evening he played Ries' concerto in C sharp—a beautiful work, little known, and one that we are thankful to him for disinterring—also compositions by Willmers, Thalberg, John Field, &c., all with equal grace and accuracy. Mr. Richard Smith deserves mention for his admirable singing of Meyerbeer's 'Aria del Cacciatore,' the horn accompaniments of which were carefully rendered, doing much credit to the society. Herr Eisner's violoncello *obbligato* to Mr. Santley's song also calls for a word of praise. On the whole, the concert was one worthy of the antecedents of the Philharmonic, and likewise one which shows that the society is worthy of the generous public support it receives. We are happy to see from a report now before us that the subscribers have largely increased and are continuing to increase in numbers, and that, notwithstanding the expenditure necessary in keeping together a permanent band, and likewise the great cost of engaging artists of European celebrity, the Philharmonic has a considerable balance in hand to the credit of the society at the end of the 35th season. This enables the committee to act with that generosity which they manifested last week in giving up their own night to the Amateur Opera Recital, though by so doing they evidently lessened the attendance at their own performance. However, a society so well directed as

the Philharmonic can afford these risks; and, if it prove nothing else, it proves that it is more anxious for the progress of music than for asserting its own claims to be foremost in the cause."

GOOD FRIDAY AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE magic words "Sims Reeves" having enticed to the Crystal Palace last Good Friday more than 50,000 persons, the directors suspected that they could not provide a surer attraction *this* Good Friday; and the name of our great tenor in consequence figured conspicuously on all the spare walls of the metropolis and suburbs for eight or ten days, whereby the public was informed that Mr. Sims Reeves would be heard in some of his grandest performances for "one shilling." The Lord Chamberlain could not interfere—Sydenham is beyond his jurisdiction—and indeed if he could, this year would not: all London was playing holiday; and, as the day for the majority did not necessitate the same religious observances as Sunday, a trip to the Crystal Palace, with "Sims Reeves" in the background, was sufficient to tempt an enormous crowd, between 40,000 and 50,000 persons, not more than half of whom, however, could get within hearing distance. But how otherwise? How could 45,000 persons sit down comfortably and hear one singer, who, had he the voice of Stentor, must be inaudible to some of them? No living singer can send forth tones from his throat with more power and more telling effect than Mr. Reeves; but there is a limit to the voice of thunder. However, those who were seated near enough—viz., all indeed who were in the centre transept, within view of the theatre in front of the "Handel Orchestra," and in the galleries—in fact, the entire audience, except such as were far down the aisles, or shut out from the approaches—were excited to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and made the crystal walls and roofs reverberate with acclamations. Mr. Reeves never exerts himself more zealously than when singing before a crowd. His genius catches fire from a vast assembly, and his powers augment as his audience grows bigger. Certainly Sims Reeves is the singer for the million, not only because he can sing, but will sing; and herein lies the secret of his unexampled popularity. Mr. Reeves's performances were "Comfort ye, my people," with its florid pendant, "Every valley shall be exalted;" from the *Messiah*; "Lord, remember David," from the *Redemption*; and "The enemy said," from *Israel in Egypt*. In the air from the *Messiah* he had proved on the Wednesday previous (his first appearance at Exeter Hall since Christmas) that he was in splendid voice, after "roughing it," as the saying is, with Mad. Lind-Goldschmidt in the provinces for weeks; but now it appeared to us, he sang even with greater power—albeit the screaming of some female in the crowd, just as he commenced the recitative, must have discomposed him. The air from the *Redemption* was delivered with exquisite grace and tenderness; but, as might be supposed, the effect was produced in the air from *Israel in Egypt*, which perhaps of all his Handelian efforts—not excepting "Sound an alarm"—is the singer's grandest achievement. This, in which Mr. Reeves seemed to throw double energy and force, created a furor, and the multitude only ceased from cheering when exhausted.

The other singers were Mad. Rudersdorff and Mr. Weiss. An apology was made for the lady by Mr. Bowley, on the score of "indisposition," and one of the pieces set down for her was omitted; but, as she had previously given "Let the bright Seraphim" with great brilliancy and effect (accompanied magnificently on the trumpet by Mr. T. Harper), the audience were somewhat puzzled by the announcement. Mr. Weiss sang "Why do the nations," from the *Messiah*, and "The trumpet shall sound," both superbly. This part of the performance was preceded by Nicolai's sacred overture on Luther's Hymn, by the Crystal Palace band, under the direction of Mr. Augustus Manns, and the band of the Coldstream Guards, under the direction of Mr. C. Godfrey, and concluded with the National Anthem, the solos by Mad. Rudersdorff and Mr. Weiss. In the National Anthem, the Old Hundredth Psalm, and Haydn's "Evening Hymn," the audience took part, and the effect was very striking.

There were other musical performances (including pieces on the organ by Mr. Coward) at various periods of the day, before and after the Sacred Concert. Enough to say that all comers at all hours found agreeable entertainment. Notwithstanding the crowd, we did not hear of a single complaint, much less of an accident, so excellent were the regulations, and so admirable the conduct of the officials and police.

MOLIQUE'S "ABRAHAM."—This great work has been performed with extraordinary success at Stuttgart. The critics are most flattering in their praises. Next week we shall publish a full account, which has arrived too late for this number.

S T. J A M E S'S H A L L,
Regent Street and Piccadilly.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

EIGHTY-THIRD CONCERT, ON MONDAY
Evening, April 28, 1862. The instrumental pieces selected from the works of
B E E T H O V E N.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.—Quartet, in E minor (Op. 59, No. 2), for Two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello (dedicated to Count Rasonowski) (first time this season), MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, H. WEBB, and PIATTI (Beethoven). Song, "Les Souvenirs," Miss LASCELLES (Meyerbeer). Nocturno, "Puro ciel tranquilla note," Miss BANKS and Miss LASCELLES (Paez). Sonata, in G major, Op. 31, No. 1, for Pianoforte solo (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts), Mr. CHARLES HALLE (Beethoven).

PART II.—Trio, in C minor (Op. 9, No. 3), for Violin, Viola, and Violoncello, MM. JOACHIM, H. WEBB, and PIATTI (Beethoven). Song, "In my wild mountain valley," *Lily of Killarney*, Miss BANKS (Benedict). Duet, "When the summer wind is blowing," Miss BANKS and Miss LASCELLES (Henry Smart). Sonata, in G (Op. 30, No. 3), for Pianoforte and Violin, Mr. CHARLES HALLE and Herr JOACHIM (Beethoven).

Conductor, MR. BENEDICT. To commence at eight o'clock precisely.

NOTICE.—It is respectfully suggested that such persons as are not desirous of remaining till the end of the performance can leave either before the commencement of the last instrumental piece, or between any two of the movements, so that those who wish to hear the whole may do so without interruption.

. Between the last vocal piece and the Sonata for Pianoforte and Violin, an interval of Five Minutes will be allowed. The Concert will finish before half-past ten o'clock.

N.B. The Programme of every Concert will henceforward include a detailed analysis, with Illustrations in musical type, of the Sonata for Pianoforte alone, at the end of Part I.

Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.
A few Soft Stalls, near the Piano, 10s. 6d.

Tickets to be had of MR. AUSTIN, at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly; CHAPPELL & CO., 50 New Bond Street, and the principal Musicsellers.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A DUTCH SCRAPER.—Jews (or rather members of the Jewish profession) are not allowed either to sing or play at the concerts of the Felix Meeritis (the Amsterdam Philharmonic), but they are allowed to subscribe as auditors. A Dutchman, and more especially a "Dutch Scraper," should have known that.

SILBERSCHMIDT.—The report of Mad. Goldschmidt Lind having given in 40,000l. towards building a new music hall in the Strand has been denied.

VERDIST.—Mad. Verdi has been here some time, and we believe Sig. Verdi is expected. The "sortita guerriera" intended for Sig. Tammerlik was rejected. The *Cantata* is the property of whoever has purchased it, and will be heard by those before whom it is performed. A "solo" for any voice, under such conditions, would be absurd.

BOSCH. "Unterschlagen gewesen und nun zu Stande gebracht." Bosh!

NOTICES.

To ADVERTISERS.—Advertisers are informed, that for the future the Advertising Agency of THE MUSICAL WORLD is established at the Magazine of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 241 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'Clock P.M., on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.

Terms { Two lines and under 2s. 6d.
Every additional 10 words 6d.

To PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—All Music for Review in THE MUSICAL WORLD must henceforward be forwarded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244 Regent Street. A List of every Piece sent for Review will appear on the Saturday following in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

To CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1862.

PROFESSOR Sterndale Bennett's Ode—our readers will be pleased to learn—is not to be excluded from the

musical programme, on the 1st of May, at the opening of the International Exhibition. "The Cambridge professor," says the *Times*, "is not too great a musician to be a man of business. His score was ready on the 31st ult., and the vocal parts were even engraved. Nor is there any chance (as many apprehended) of the work being set aside. On the contrary, it will be rehearsed and performed under the direction of M. Sainton." In an article on the general preparations for the opening, which appeared in yesterday's impression, the *Times* makes the subjoined observations:—

"All sorts of statements and misstatements as to the unfortunate differences which have arisen as to who is to conduct certain portions of the music have been afloat for some time. Into these we certainly will not enter. The musical world has long made up its mind as to the merits or demerits of the quarrel, and if it had not we should never attempt to guide it to a decision one way or the other. Where there are many musicians no one expects harmony; so it is sufficient to say that this portion of the opening arrangements is complete."

Another morning contemporary—the *Daily News*—appears less satisfied with the result, if we may judge by the following article in yesterday's paper, headed "*The Music for the Exhibition*," and printed in "leader" type:—

"The difficulty into which the commissioners allowed themselves to be involved through Mr. Costa's refusal to conduct the performance of Dr. Bennett's music has been got over, 'after a sort,' by their having appointed M. Sainton to conduct this performance. Dr. Bennett received notice of this step having been taken without having had any previous information on the subject, and at the same time he received a courteous note from M. Sainton, expressing his hope that his appointment would not be disagreeable to the composer. Dr. Bennett at once acceded to the arrangement, and has since been occupied with M. Sainton in preparing for the rehearsal. So the matter is settled, and the public have reason to be glad that the joint labour of the first of English poets and the first of English musicians is not to be thrown away. But this, after all, is only cutting the knot, not untangling it. It does not in the least justify the conduct either of Mr. Costa or the Commissioners—of the former in allowing a vindictive feeling, arising out of a private quarrel, to interfere with the fulfilment of a public duty which he had undertaken; or of the latter, in yielding to a stipulation imposed on them by Mr. Costa, which they ought to have indignantly rejected as an insult; for it turns out that Mr. Costa had made it a condition of his acceptance of the office tendered to him, that he should be at liberty to refuse to conduct the performance of a work by Dr. Bennett; and, what is still worse, that Dr. Bennett should have been allowed to complete his task in entire ignorance that any such stipulation existed. Nor have the Commissioners acted rightly in their choice of a substitute for Mr. Costa. We have great respect for the character of M. Sainton, and great admiration of his talent as a performer on the violin. He has now and then conducted the band at the Royal Italian Opera in Mr. Costa's absence, but he has never, so far as we have ever heard, conducted a great choral performance in his life. He is an able man, however, and we trust will get through the business creditably. But the whole musical world knows that, failing Costa and Bennett, there is one man who has a paramount title to the employment in question—Alfred Mellon—who is not inferior to either in all the qualities and attainments of a *chef d'orchestre*, and who, moreover, is an Englishman—a circumstance not to be disregarded on the occasion of a great national celebration."

However, what musicians and amateurs in England will most care to be assured of is that the Ode of their honoured countryman will play the part originally destined for it at the Festival to which Great Britain invites all the peoples of the earth; and that if we cannot have a national conductor, we shall at least have a national composer to represent us. The Poet Laureate's share in the Ode is worthy the pen of Alfred Tennyson. Let our readers judge:—

"Uplift a thousand voices full and sweet,
In this wide hall with earth's inventions stored,
And praise th' invisible universal Lord,
Who lets ones more in peace the nations meet,
Where Science, Art, and Labour have outpour'd
Their myriad horns of plenty at our feet."

"O, silent father of our Kings to be,
Mourn'd in this golden hour of jubilee,
For this, for all, we weep our thanks to thee!

"The world-compelling plan was thine,
And, lo! the long laborious miles
Of Palace; lo! the giant aisles,
Rich in model and design,
Harvest-tool and husbandry,
Loom and wheel and engin'ry,
Secrets of the sullen mine,
Steel and gold, and corn and wine,
Fabric rough or fairy fine,
Sunny tokens of the Line,
Polar marvels, and a feast
Of wonder, out of West and East,
And shapes and hues of Art divine!

"All of beauty, all of use,
That one fair planet can produce,
Brought from under every star,
Blown from over every main,
And mixt, as life is mixt with pain,

The works of peace with works of war.

"O ye, the wise who think, the wise who reign,
From growing commerce loose her latest chain,
And let the fair white-winged peacemaker fly
To happy havens under all the sky,
And mix the seasons and the golden hours,
Till each man find his own in all men's good,
And all men work in noble brotherhood,
Breaking their mailed fleets and armed towers,
And ruling by obeying nature's powers,
And gathering all the fruits of peace and crown'd
with all her flowers."

The allusion to the late Prince Consort was a happy after-thought of the Laureate's, and, we have reason to believe, has inspired the musician with one of the most impressive movements that ever came from his pen.

Those who care to refresh their memories with a history of the original dispute between Mr. Costa and Professor Bennett, will find it in the MUSICAL WORLD, April 16th, 1853. *Punch* also, shortly after, gave his version of the affair, which, being shorter, we can find room for, and, being good-tempered, will cause no offence:

THE EMBROGLIO AT THE PHILHARMONIC,
Done into verse by a very old Subscriber and Poet.
(From *Punch*)

"Sterndale Bennett was Indignant with Costa
For not playing Bennett's Composition faster;
Costa few into Excitement at Lucas
For showing him Bennett's Order, or Ukase,
Haughtily resigned the Seat which he sat on,
And Contemptuously told Lucas himself to Take the *hâton*,
Moreover Stipulated this Year with the Directors
That Nobody was to read Him any more Lectures;
Also he made it a Condition strict
He was Only to conduct what Pieces of Music he lik'd,
Wherby this Year Costa doth Prevent
Any performance of Music by Sterndale Benn't;
Likewise Xcluding the young and gifted Miss Goddard,
Whom with admiration all the critis Squad heard;—
All to be Deplored, and, without more Amalgamation,
The Philharmonic will Tarnish its Hitherto Deservedly High
Reputation."

For our own parts, we wish to live in peace with all the world; and, having washed our hands of the matter, have no intention to resist it.

JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH'S *Grosse Passions-musik nach dem Evangelium Matthæi** will shortly be per-

formed, FOR THE FIRST TIME (!), in Vienna, by the Sing-academie. "The custom," says Die Recensionen, "of representing in a musical and epico-dramatic form the sufferings of the Saviour, during Passion week, is a very ancient one. In the Roman Catholic Church the plan pursued has, according to all tradition, invariably been for one singer to sing the narrative of the Evangelist, for another to deliver the words of Christ, and for others to give the dialogue of the remaining personages introduced; the people are represented independently by the choir. This plan throws the dramatic element far into the back ground, and places the music in a very subordinate position, since everyone taking part in the performance gives all that is entrusted to him in the simple, strongly marked choral tone, while, in conformity with a decree of the Church, all instrumental accompaniment is wanting. The 'Passion' is connected with the ceremonies of the liturgy, and hence any dramatisation or musical development of the subject is impossible."

A very different course is adopted in the Protestant Church, in which the composer, hampered by no consideration imposed by the ritual, has a much wider field for his exertions. Protestant composers availed themselves, at a very early date, of the opportunity. But, however admirable were the works of Heinrich Schütz (1585-1672), Sebastiani (1672), Kaiser and others, not one of them at all approaches the *Passion nach dem Evangelium Matthæi*, by John Sebastian Bach, the first performance of which magnificent production took place on Good Friday, 1729, in St. Thomas's Church, Leipsic. That the works published by Bach, under the title of *Passions-musik*, were subsequently allowed to slumber, for years and years, amid the dust of libraries is attributable to the wars and political troubles which burst out after his decease, and by the sad condition of musical matters for a time in Germany. We must designate as the real reviver of the *Matthæus-Passion*, Mendelssohn, who caused it to be performed on the 11th March, 1829, at the Berlin Sing-academie. Since then, the most celebrated vocal associations in Germany have vied with each other in performing it annually, with constantly increasing success. Vienna alone was left behind, even by many small towns as well as by the larger ones, and will not have atoned—let us hope in a manner worthy of her rank—for this piece of neglect till next Friday, the 18th April, 1862, at the concert of the Singacademie.

Very shortly, we hope to be able to present our readers with a musical analysis of the *Passion according to St. Matthew*, from the pen of a distinguished critic. As Professor Sterndale Bennett is likely to give the London public another opportunity of hearing this great work in the course of the ensuing summer, such an analysis will doubtless be perused with more than ordinary interest.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR.—There is a great deal in the last number (19th April, 1862) of the MUSICAL WORLD, which managers and singers may read and re-read with advantage.

Firstly, the prospectuses of the two Italian Operas are specimens of bad taste, such as it may be hoped, after reading the capital article quoted from the *Illustrated News*, directors will never indulge in again. Nothing is more disagreeable—not even a barrel organ—to the ears and eyes of those who frequent the Italian Opera than bombast.

Next the farewell address of the directors of the Royal English Opera is the worst sense and the veriest bosh as a composition that was ever committed to paper. Miss

* "Passion-music," according to the Gospel of St. Matthew.

Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison could not have read, much less have written, this wretched trash before it was consigned to the printer. English Opera has much to contend with; let us hope that it will never be damned by such another production.

Then let those of our English singers who fancy that a foreign name will be more acceptable than competence, read and consider your praises of Miss Louisa Pyne, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Sims Reeves. It appears extraordinary that, among some hundreds of English singers, numbers of whom possess excellent voices, there should be only some half dozen who may be termed really first-rate. What is the reason? There is not employment; there is no demand for more. It is notorious that, at the only institution we possess (all praise and thanks to Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison for the establishment), where constant employment is afforded to singers, only two, or at most three, really first-rate vocalists are employed—a soprano and a barytone, who could not be replaced at present, who sing every night for six months, and for whose very lives even, in the midst of such exertion, and remembering the fate of Malibran, we tremble; and a tenor who, as an actor unequalled on the English stage, and as a singer remarkable for expression and energy, yet makes his listeners long for the exquisite tones of a Mario, a Giuglini, or a Sims Reeves.

What is the remedy for this state of things, I mean in regard to English singers and Opera? You have said, sir, that you do not know what remedy to suggest, and urge everybody should be silent; but you will not dissent from the following:—

Given—*The Puritan's Daughter* and *Robin Hood*, the *Lily of Killarny* and the *Amber Witch*, with the original principals, and on alternate nights, the conductor, the band chorus, &c., of the Royal (under these conditions the National) English Opera, and who would be the sufferers? Probably the Italians, the Germans, the French, and Americans, who now hold possession of our two great theatres; certainly not Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison, nor

JOHN BULL.

MEYERBEER AND AUBER.—Special invitations were forwarded to these illustrious musicians to be present at the performance of their new works, on the 1st of May, at the opening of the International Exhibition. As Auber never leaves Paris, there is no chance of his renewing acquaintance with London (after an absence of sixty years!) Meyerbeer, however, has arrived, and will doubtless be present at the rehearsals of his Grand March on Tuesday and Wednesday.

M. VERDI AND THE GREAT EXHIBITION.—(*To the Editor of the Times.*)—Sir,—Just arrived in London, I hear that in one of your articles of the 19th inst it is stated that of the four composers who were to write each a piece of music for the opening of the International Exhibition I am the only one who has not yet sent in mine. I beg to say this is not the fact. On the 5th inst. a gentleman appointed by me wrote to the secretary, Mr. Sandford, that my composition was in his hands completely finished, and at the disposal of her Majesty's Commissioners. I have not composed a march, as it was first arranged, because Auber told me in Paris that he was composing one for the occasion. I composed instead a vocal solo with choruses, which Tamberlik kindly offered himself to sing. I thought that this change would not have displeased the Royal Commissioners, but instead they intimated that twenty-five days (sufficient time to learn a new opera) were not enough to learn this small piece, and refuse to accept it. I wish to state this fact, not to give any importance to a transaction in itself of no consequence, but only in order to rectify the mistake that I have

not sent in my composition. I shall be very much obliged if you will make this public, by inserting it in your most valuable paper. I am, Sir, yours, truly,

G. VERDI.

43 Alpha-road, Regent's Park, April 23.

SIGNOR VERDI has arrived in London—not, it appears, to hear the *cantata* which he so readily and kindly prepared for the opening of our International Exhibition. He was present on Thursday evening, during the entire performance of Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, at the Royal Italian Opera.

MISS LOUISA PYNE AND MR. HARRISON.—The Royal English Opera Company has commenced a series of performances in the Theatre Royal, Dublin. The first was Mr. Benedict's *Lily of Killarny*, which was received with enthusiasm. A detailed report (from our usual correspondent) will appear in our next.

BIRKENHEAD.—At the last "Wirral Philharmonic Concert" here, Mad. Guerrabella was the singer, and Mad. Arabella Goddard the pianist. The programme was excellent, and the performance one of the most brilliant ever heard out of London. Our correspondent's report is in type, and will appear next week.

THALBERG.—This celebrated pianist, now in Paris, will visit London during the International Exhibition.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

LA FAVORITA, without Mario and Grisi, loses much of its charm for the English public, who have been so long accustomed to associate them with the hero and heroine of Donizetti's best French work. Nevertheless, the performance at the Royal Italian Opera which actual conditions render possible is by no means destitute of attractions. Mlle. Csillag's Leonora is one of the most thoughtful and carefully finished of that very clever lady's assumptions. Like all she attempts, it is marked throughout by earnestness and strong dramatic feeling; and if it does not at all times go so directly to the hearts of the audience as to induce them, at the conclusion, to absolve the repentant "Favorite," and endorse the forgiveness of the wronged and unhappy Ferdinand, this must be laid to over-anxiety on the part of the Tentonic songstress, who, by studiously elaborating every scene, leaves a certain impression of artificiality, rather than to any shortcoming in her musical delineation of the part. The interest she creates is vivid, if not profound; and we quit the theatre under the persuasion of having witnessed a remarkable exhibition of artistic skill, if not precisely one calculated to raise those emotions which it is only in the province of genuine sensibility to inspire. Sig. Neri Baraldi might reasonably lay claim to indulgence as having undertaken the character of Ferdinand at an unusually short notice, in consequence of Sig. Gardoni's indisposition. Happily, however, he stands in need of no apology, the manner in which he acquitted himself entitling him to the most favourable consideration. Nor had he any reason to complain of want of sympathy on the side of the audience, who lost no opportunity of extending to him that generous encouragement which, under the circumstances, he had a just right to expect, and which could alone have supported him in his arduous task—arduous in a twofold measure, inasmuch as he had not only to make up for the absence of Sig. Gardoni, but to contend with the indelible impression left by one of the most accomplished artists and universal favourites that ever trod the lyric boards. In the last scene, and especially in the famous duet, "Vieni a Vieni," he fairly divided the applause with Mad. Csillag. The plaintive romance, "Spirto gentil," which he sang with unaffected expression, was rewarded by an "encore" that in hearty unanimity has seldom been exceeded. M. Faure's Alphonso is in the truest sense a kingly impersonation; nor could the beautiful air "A tanto Amour" ("Pour tant d'amour"), in which the hypocritical monarch beguiles the unsuspecting hero whom he degrades while feigning to honour, be more admirably delivered, or more thoroughly have justified the "encore" that usually awaits it, and which, though declined by the singer on the present occasion, was naturally not withheld. Sig. Nanni, a new comer, has at least one requisite for the part of Baldassare, the priest—that of a deep and sonorous bass voice; but he must be judged of definitively in a part where there is something besides mere declamation to test his capabilities. The general execution of the *Favorita* requires no description. Amateurs need hardly be reminded that, whether as a scenic exhibition, or as a musical performance, this opera is one of the most complete and imposing in the Covent Garden repertory.

On Saturday night Mr. Santley made his second appearance as Conte di Luna, and fully established his success. On the whole, the result of opening the theatre in Passion Week can scarcely be said to have vindicated a departure from the ancient plan. The house was very well

attended on Tuesday, it is true; but this was not the case either on Thursday or Saturday.

The present week at the Italian Opera has been a busy one. On Monday (first "extra" night) *Guillaume Tell* (fourth time) was represented, Mr. Gye's "Easter-piece." The "great temple of the lyric drama" (contrary to precedent) opened its doors at the very commencement of the Easter holidays. That the magnificent opera of *Guillaume Tell*, with its picturesque incidents, still more picturesque scenery, and, most of all, picturesque music, superbly placed upon the stage, and sung and played as the public have been taught to expect at Covent Garden, would suffice to enchant without the adventitious aid of fairy tale, burlesque, or melodrama, might have been taken for granted. Happily, not alone the chorus and orchestra—which have rarely shown to greater advantage in this opera, so full of varied choral effect and bright orchestral colouring—but the principal singers before the lamps were in the best possible mood; and thus the Easter audience enjoyed such a musical treat as is not on every occasion vouchsafed to those who attend on ordinary Opera nights. The great second act, in which the representatives of the four Cantons assemble on the banks of the lake, to swear the oath of patriotism and liberty, has, perhaps, never been more striking. Mad. Miolan-Carvalho gave the music of Mathilde better even than usual. In the trio for Arnold, Tell, and Walter—the finest piece of concerted music in the opera—Sig. Tamberlik almost surpassed his previous efforts, imparting a force and pathos to the slow movement, and a fiery vigour to the *allegro*, which made every note and every accent tell with thrilling effect. He was supported most admirably by M. Faure and M. Zelger, who in the swearing of the Cantons were as dignified and imposing as ever. The whole scene was what it rarely fails to be at this theatre—a scenic and musical triumph; and the curtain fell amid loud and unanimous plaudits. Mr. Costa presided in the orchestra. On Tuesday, *La Favorita* was repeated; and on Thursday, the *Prophète* was given for the first time this season, with Mad. Csillag as Fides and Sig. Tamberlik as Jean of Leyden. The "spectacle" presented all the grandeur of former years, and the magnificent music was listened to throughout, by a crowded audience, with unabated interest. We reserve our remarks on the performance until our next, merely mentioning here that it was one of the most generally excellent we remember of late years.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

This Theatre reopens to-night, under the direction of Mr. J. H. Mapleson, with Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera*, the artists being Miles, Titiens and Dario, Mad. Lemaire, Signors Giuglini, Giraldoni, Casaboni, and Gassier. At the rehearsal, yesterday, Sig. Giuglini showed that he had entirely recovered the use of his voice, and the new barytone, Sig. Giraldoni, promised to be a real success.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S READINGS.—On Thursday evening, in St. James's Hall, Mr. Dickens read selections from *Nicholas Nickleby* for the first time. The passages selected were those descriptive of Nicholas's adventures during the Dotheboys Hall phase of his adventurous career, which, when they were first published, carried despair to the heart of many a Yorkshire schoolmaster. The present selection was as connected and complete as the story of little Emily which Mr. Dickens has been recently reading from the volume of *David Copperfield*, and which, with the slightest link of the memory, bore all the appearance of a consecutive and entire narrative. The wonderful description of the tea party, to which Miss Squeers invites honest John Browdie and mischievous little Miss Price, was given with the happiest diversity of tone and dialect; and the scene in the school-room, where Nicholas rescues Smike from the clutches of his brutal persecutor, was received with as much enthusiasm as if all the circumstances had passed actually before the eyes of the audience. The extraordinary powers of personation which Mr. Dickens possesses are never pushed to extremes, and, although all his readings are essentially dramatic, he disdains making an actor's points, seldom pauses for applause, and succeeds entirely from an exhibition of art and not of artifice. The immortal trial of "Bardell versus Pickwick" concluded the reading, which evoked continual applause and laughter from a crowded and appreciative audience.

EXHIBITION OPENING.

The musical arrangements are complete. The places and stands in the great orchestra are all marked out. The band will occupy the front part of the platform, the violins disposed on the right and the left, and the wind instruments in the centre, the whole

flanked by ninety double basses and violoncellos, with three sets of kettle drums at equal distances in front of the chorus. An echo having been found to exist under the dome, the orchestra will be covered at a proper height with a drumhead-shaped, oiled and hardened striped canvass awning, which will not only destroy the echo, but materially aid in propelling the tone through the length of the nave and transepts. The vocal music will be exclusively choral. Even the solo portions of "God save the Queen" will be sung in unison by all the voices. The "Hallelujah Chorus" and the "Amen Chorus," from the *Messiah*, will also be performed. The remaining vocal music will consist of Professor William Sterndale Bennett's Ode, the words by Dr. Tennyson, the poet-laureate. This work is entirely choral, with full orchestral accompaniments. At the request of the International Commissioners, M. Sainton—who assumes the *bâton* whenever, from any circumstance, Mr. Costa is unable to conduct at the Royal Italian Opera or at the Sacred Harmonic Society's Oratorios—will be the conductor of Professor Bennett's Ode. The instrumental music will comprise an Overture by Meyerbeer, and a March by Auber. The Sacred Harmonic Society, remembering the inconvenience caused by the rush for tickets at the last moment, have engaged the Lower Hall, Exeter Hall, as a Ticket Office.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

ON Monday night Mr. Arthur Chappell supplied the numerous patrons of these concerts with an entertainment of rare attraction, and this without any departure from the plan which up to this time has invariably, and with such manifest advantage been adhered to. That good music is as great a temptation to amateurs in the Easter holidays as at any other period of the year was shown by a fact the eloquent truth of which was incontrovertible. St. James's Hall, in area, orchestra, and galleries, was literally thronged. The first piece in the programme was that particular quartet of "Papa Haydn," in which his attachment to the Imperial House of Austria was shown by his adopting in his slow movement the Austrian Hymn, "God Save the Emperor," as a theme for some graceful, touching, and ingenious variations (No. 3, Op. 76, in C major). The performers were MM. Joachim, Wiener, Baetens, and Piatto. The quartet was followed by one of the most expressive *fieder* of Schubert ("A winter's walk," according to the newest and best English version), and this in its turn by "The Colleen Bawn," from Mr. Benedict's *Lily of Killarney*. The first was intrusted to the clever and rising Mad. Florence Lancia; the last (unanimously encored) to Mr. Hallé, after whom it would be no enviable task for any other barytone to attempt it. The first part ended effectively with Beethoven's universally known and (perhaps unfortunately) almost as universally played sonata in C minor (Op. 13), entitled *Sonata patetica*, for pianoforte solus, the hearty reception accorded to which will astonish none (not even those amateurs who, with more or less success, have attempted it themselves) when it is added that Mr. Charles Hallé—who, according to custom (this time an easy task) played without book, and according to custom, was recalled—was the pianist.

The second part began with John Sebastian Bach's extraordinary *Chaconne* in D minor, for violin solus, performed by Herr Joachim. Whether the deep and varied reading; the life-like individuality imparted to variation after variation—as if, though, one and all, the legitimate offspring of the quaint old dance-tune (which Bach elevated, as he did every theme that took his fancy), they were, in the midst of a strong family resemblance, idiosyncratically unlike each other; the unerring manual dexterity with which passages, many of them of unexampled difficulty, were executed; or the impression of *unity* left by the whole (after all the greatest triumph of artistic skill), be taken into consideration, this performance of Herr Joachim was one of the most original and wonderful we can recall, and created, as might have been anticipated the utmost enthusiasm. The remainder of the concert included the pathetic romance "I'm alone" (the "gem" of the *Lily of Killarney*), sung with exquisite feeling by Mad. Florence Lancia; a pretty Italian *stornello*, by Sig. Mariani, which Mr. Santley gave with his accustomed spirit and musician-like correctness; and the famous sonata for pianoforte and violin dedicated by Beethoven "*al suo amico, Kreutzer*" (whom some adventurous biographer ventures so far as to say the great composer had never even seen—although he was introduced to him by Bernadotte at Vienna). This last was in the competent hands of Mr. Hallé and Herr Joachim—which is equivalent to saying that the execution was all that could have been wished. Mr. Benedict accompanied the vocal music as he invariably does—a panegyric of itself.

This concert, varied and throughout excellent as it was, came to an end before the hand of the clock pointed to "10." If all concerts were as short (and as good) the number of amateurs would speedily be quadrupled.

VOCAL ASSOCIATION.—The third concert took place on Wednesday evening. The programme contained twenty-three pieces—some of them not of the shortest. This was really too much, and the deserted state of the room long before the end was a significant commentary. The Monday Popular Concerts owe much of their success to the judicious length of their programmes. No concert should exceed two hours and a half in duration, allowing for the interval between the parts; for if the music is of a serious cast the strain upon the attention induces eventual lassitude, while, on the other hand, three hours of what is conventionally termed "light music" is worse than a pill and a draught. The selection was happily as varied as it was lengthy, and the efforts of singers and players were not thrown away upon an inappreciative audience. *Place aux dames!* Let us first record the doings of two fair débutantes—Miss Constance Roden and Mlle. Auguste Mehlhorn, the latter taking the part set down for Mlle. Marie Cravelli, who was prevented from appearing by indisposition. Miss Roden has a voice of fine quality, which appears to have been wisely cultivated, and promises well for its possessor, as was shown in Kücken's "Ave Maria" and the "Waters of Elle," both of which were nicely sung and favourably received. Mlle. Mehlhorn made a fair impression in "Dove Sono" and in Schubert's "Gretchen" and "Barcarde." Herr Formes sang the "Wanderer," an air from the *Seraglio*, and a ballad of his own composition, all vigorously, the last with so much expression as to elicit an *encore*. The original words, "In sheltered vale" (the ballad in question), are in Eichendorff's *Volkslied* ("Das Mühhrad"), the English version being from the accomplished pen of Mr. Campbell Clarke. Miss Messent gave "Deh! per questo," and a song called "Maiden gay," both in her best manner. The Misses Hiles, besides attempting "Ebben a te ferisci," with no marked success, in "O glorious age of Chivalry"—the sparkling and melodious introduction to Mr. Howard Glover's operetta "Once too Often," the music of which seems just as attractive in the concert-room as on the stage—won a merited *encore*, to which they merely replied by returning to the orchestra and curtseying their sense of the compliment. Miss Eleanor Ward (who also joined her distinguished master, Mr. Benedict, in a brilliant duet of Kalkbrenner for two pianofortes) obtained a well-earned *encore* in Litloff's *Spinnlied*, for which she substituted a galop. Mr. Joseph Heine evinced qualities in his performance of Ernst's *fantasia* on airs from *Il Pirata*, which would elicit admiration under any circumstances, but are really wonderful in a player who is *stone blind*. Mr. Heine was unanimously and deservedly recalled at the conclusion of his solo. Miss Chipperfield (member of the "Association") essayed Mr. Benedict's "La fedelta," which at present is beyond her capabilities. The most ambitious effort of the choir, after Mozart's "Ave verum" (the first thing in the programme), was Mendelssohn's "Hear my prayer," in which Miss Susanna Cole's charming voice and chaste style gave due effect to the solos. These, and Meyerbeer's "Pater-noster" in which fresh beauties develop themselves at each successive hearing), and "The Vale" (an arrangement by Mr. Brinley Richards of "Ar-hyd-y-nos"—alias "Poor Mary Ann") were all more or less noteworthy examples of choral part-singing.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.—At the concert on Saturday week, Mr. Sullivan's music to the *Tempest* was repeated, with confirmed success. On Saturday last (19th inst.), Herr Auguste Manns provided his supporters with another splendid concert, the symphony being Beethoven's magnificent "No. 7" (in A major), and the solo player Herr Joachim. The first piece selected by this unrivalled player, was the *Scena Cantante* (or "Dramatic Concerto," as it is styled among our own amateurs), a work which, though not strictly a concerto in form, is perhaps, of all the so-called "concertos" of Spohr, the most generally popular, as it is undoubtedly the richest in imagination and the most interesting both as to plan and development. To surpass Herr Joachim's execution of this difficult and noble composition would be impossible. To equal it is a feat that still remains to be accomplished. Poetical expression, grand and varied reading, and irreproachable mechanical skill go hand in hand, so as to leave absolutely nothing to wish for. No wonder that, by the very musical audience which Herr Manns (who conducted the accompaniments with a scrupulous care and ability, that must have placed the solo performer entirely at his ease) may be said to have "invented" at the Crystal Palace, this remarkable performance of a remarkable work should excite the enthusiasm that invariably attends it at those more venerable and classical entertainments where it is occasionally heard. Herr Joachim's second piece was Beethoven's delicate and melodious *Romance* in F major, which even when

played to perfection—as it was on this occasion—we can hardly think well calculated for so vast an arena. The singers were Miss Armytage (a very rising pupil of the Academy) and Miss Camilla Chipp, who, though young, has already earned laurels in some of the Italian towns. The concert terminated with one of the brilliant dramatic preludes of Auber.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—M. Fechter has leased this theatre of Mr. Arnold for five years. He enters in possession before Christmas next. Mr. Falconer, it is said, has "his eye" (his "peep of day") upon another house.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.—It is announced that on the 1st of May, with the opening of the London Exhibition, the South Eastern Railway Company will accelerate their service between Paris and London via Boulogne and Folkestone, to nine and a half hours, and *vice versa*. The through journey is to be accomplished by special tidal-trains, in connexion with two of the fastest steamers in the Channel, the Victoria and Eugenie, making the passage between Boulogne and Folkestone in 95 minutes. Moreover, a cheap third-class ticket, for 25*s*, available by the night train only, will probably be an additional inducement to travellers of slender means who may wish to avoid the long sea passage; and return tickets will be issued for one month, at reduced fares.

LES VOLONTAIRES.—The first representation of the *Volontaires de 1814* took place on Tuesday evening at the Porte St. Martin, with, on the whole, but moderate success. It is just to say that the piece had been weeded of everything offensive to foreign Governments. It consists of not less than fourteen *tableaux*; and as the intervals between the acts are not short, it takes up more time in the performance than is agreeable. It begins at seven, and is not over till past one o'clock. No piece, however dramatic in its incidents, spun out to such length could be completely successful. There is, of course, a good deal of military show, bustle, and firing. The purely patriotic allusions seemed to touch the national fibre, and now and then produced a decided effect; the portion which was purely Napoleonic fell rather coldly on the public ear. When the piece is reduced within reasonable compass it will prove successful.—*Times* (Paris letter).

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.* (From the *Liverpool Porcupine*.)

"Dr. Russell, of world-wide renown,
Leaves America some early day;
And the 'new correspondent' will be
Dr. Mackay, the poet, they say."

"Thus the Yankees, so tarnation 'cute,
Have their 'Monitor' sent from the fight;
And the *Times*, with a kind tit for tat,
Sends a 'merry Mac' to them to write."

* The words of this song (whoever "sets" it) will remain the copyright of the poet who conceived and wrote them down.

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